

RAMBLES AND SCRAMBLES

IN

NORTH AND SOUTH AMERICA.

CHAPTER I.

SAIL FROM ENGLAND TO WEST POINT.

IN the early part of 1850 I had planned a trip to Spain and the East, and had been lingering in Paris, detained by the lovely spring weather, and the delight and enjoyment peculiar to that most delightful of all cities, when I received a letter from an old fellow-traveller and fellow-collegian, asking me to accompany him and his brother to the "Far West." It was an idea that just suited my fancy; so giving up my projected Spanish trip, (which I did with the less regret, as I had already been there,) I started for England, saw my companions, made arrangements, and in a few days we were at Liverpool.

We found that after a westerly gale of some weeks' duration, an easterly wind had sprung up, which the knowing ones said had every chance of lasting, so that having held lengthened consultations with some of the old "salts" of the place, we determined to